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THE

Curious Maid,

A

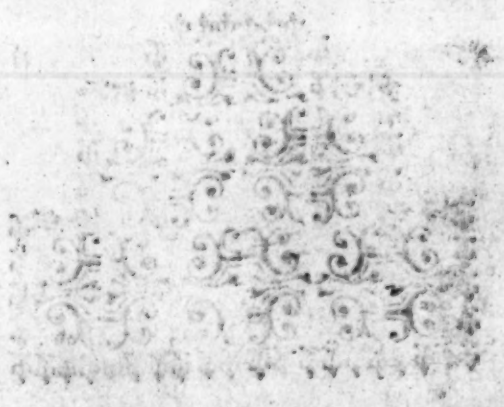
TALE.

Assumpsit, Interrumq; Co...

LONDON:

Sold by A. Dodd *at the* Peacock *without* Temple-Bar, *and* T. Edlin *over against* Exeter-Exchange. 1720. (Pr. 3*d.*)

LONDON:



LIFE

OF

CALIGULA.

THE Curious MAID.

BEAUTY's a gaudy Sign, no more,
To tempt the Gazer to the Door;
Within the Entertainment lies,
Far off remov'd from vulgar Eyes.

Thus *Cloe* beautiful, and gay,
As on her Bed the *Wanton* lay,
Hardly awake from Dreaming o'er
Her Conquests of the Day before.

And what's this hidden Charm? (she cry'd)
And spurn'd th' embracing Clothes aside

From Limbs of ſuch a Shape, and Hue,
As *Titian*'s Pencil never drew,
Reſolv'd the dark Abode to trace
Of female Honour, or Diſgrace,
Where Virtue finds her Task too hard,
And often ſlumbers on the Guard.

Th' Attempt She makes, and buckles to
With all her Might; but 'twou'd not do:
Still, as She bent, the Part requir'd,
As conſcious of its Shame, retir'd.

What's to be done? we're all a-ground!
Some other Method muſt be found ——
Water *Narciſſus* Face cou'd ſhow,
And why not *Cloe*'s Charms below?
Big with this Project, She applies
The *Jordan* to her Virgin Thighs;
But the dull *Lake* her Wiſh denies.

What Luck is here? we're foil'd again!
The *Devil's* in the Dice, that's plain!
No *Chymiſt* e'er was ſo perplex'd;
No jilted *Coxcomb* half ſo vex'd:

No *Bard*, whoſe gentler Muſe excels
At *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, or *Epſom-Wells*,
Ordain'd, by *Phœbus* ſpecial Grace,
To ſing the Beauties of the Place,
E'er pomp'd, and chaf'd to that Degree,
To tagg his fav'rite Simile.

Thus Folks are often at a Stand,
When Remedies are near at Hand!
For lo! the *Glaſs* —— ay, that indeed!
'Tis ten to one we now ſucceed!
To this Relief She flies amain,
And ſtraddles o'er the ſhining Plain,
The ſhining Plain reflects at large
All *Damon*'s Wiſh, and *Cloe*'s Charge.
The curious Maid in deep Surprize,
On the *grim Feature* fix'd her Eyes:
Far leſs amaz'd *Æneas* ſtood,
When, by *Avernus* ſacred Flood,
He ſaw *Hell's Portal fring'd with Wood.*

And is this all, is this (She cry'd)
Man's great Deſire, and Woman's Pride;
The Spring whence flows the Lover's Pain,
The Ocean where 'tis loſt again,

By

By *Fate* for ever doom'd to prove
The *Nurſery*, and *Grave* of Love?
O Thou of dire and horrid Mein,
And always better felt than ſeen!
Fit Rapture of the gloomy Night,
O, never more approach the Light!
Like other *Myſt'ries*, Men adore,
Be hid, to be rever'd the more!

FINIS.